Northampton, July 18, 1848.

Dear Helen:

82 The trip in the cars to this place, yesterday, was much more pleasant than the one I took with Fanny, as the heat was much less intense; but the dust and smoke were quite as disagreeable — so that I was not sorry when I arrived at the depot. There I met with our old friend David Lee Child, whom I had not seen for a long time, and the pleasure at meeting was mutual. There is to be a "Free Soil" Convention in this town next week; and to-morrow Mr. Child begins a short tour through the county, for the purpose of addressing the people, and urging upon them the importance of sending delegates to the meeting. Bro. George drove down to the depot a few minutes after my arrival, and carried me and my baggage, with Mr. Child and Mrs. Hammond, (whom we took up by the way,) to Bensonville. On the way, we discussed the affairs of the nation as vigorously and actively as possible. Speaking of Mrs. Chapman's visit to Europe, for educational purposes in regard to her children, Mr. Child expressed much surprise and wonder at her choice, and said that he had supposed there was not steam power enough to drag her away from the anti-slavery cause to the extent that her absence must necessarily require. With us, and many others, he regretted the step, and thought it an ill-advised one.

I found George's family all well, excepting little Sarah, who is afflicted with a bloody diarrhoea, but appears to be a little better ~~at present~~ this morning.

Charlie had almost despaired of my coming, so that he gravely told Catherine, in the forenoon, that if I did not

come when the cars got in, he must go right down to Boston; for he could not stay any longer. He was truly glad to see me, and kissed and hugged me with his usual fervor. He has behaved with great propriety, Catherine says, and is much less boisterous in his manner than when at home. But he says that he likes Boston better than he does Northampton, because he "cannot get used" to the latter place. He simply means that he wants to be with us and the children; and now that he will be able to see me every day, I have no doubt he will feel much more contented. He goes to school regularly, and I have just met him on the way, accompanied by Mary Benson and another little girl, who were all singing the song, "O come, come away." He asked me to let him stay at home, but when I told him that I should not be able to see him until toward night, he trudged along with the girls quite resignedly. I gave him, yesterday, some nine or ten sticks of candy, which he immediately distributed among Tommy, Mary, and the rest, scarcely reserving a taste for himself. He is a generous little fellow, as I hope all my boys will be.

Catherine was much obliged to you for your note, and the little present accompanying it. I took tea with the family, as a farewell to "tea" for some time.

Of course, I spent the night at the Infirmary. Dr. Ruggles was rather desirous of giving me a "half bath" before I went to bed, but I preferred to begin in the morning, and start, if not go through, "by daylight." My bed is a single one, and being composed of straw, did not feel quite natural; but I shall soon get used to it, though I should prefer a good solid mattress. I awoke as early as 3 o'clock, and heard the packers stirring about, preparatory to packing their patients; and though I

knew I was not to be packed, yet I lay expecting every moment to be summoned to my "half bath." It was not till 5 o'clock, however, that my turn came, and the interim I spent in dreaming that I had already gone through the process, and also of many other things. The bath was refreshing, and after taking it, I had a fine ramble, from which I have returned to write this hasty epistle to you. In half an hour, I am to be rubbed down with a wet sheet. There will be very little time allowed either for reading or writing. Indeed, the Dr. enjoins abstinence from both, as much as possible. Our breakfast was made up of wheat and rye bread, cracked wheat boiled like hominy, stewed prunes, milk, and cold water. The Dr. does not wish me to use much milk, as he says it is not good for my liver. He has now eighteen patients in all.

Bro. George and Catherine expect you and the children here, at vacation, without fail, and say they will be able to accommodate you all, or to find accommodations. I hope you will come, of course, but wish you to do as you may feel the most strongly inclined. George intends visiting Boston either next week or the week after, and would like to have you come with him at that time, if convenient.

You must write to me as you find leisure, for I shall feel anxious to hear from you often. Tell Fanny, that dear little funny Sarah, though so unwell, wants to know how Fanny is, and if she will not come up and see her. Tell all the boys they must try to assist you as much as possible, and be just as good as they know how. George thinks we shall do wisely to remain where we are till Spring. Love to all.

Ever yours, Wm Lloyd Garrison.

Helen Eliza Garrison

21 Cornhill,

Boston, Mass.